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EVERYBODY
WANTS
SOMETHING
What is the Result?
They Get Nothink
ADVERTISE
In the
Bingville Bugle
And See What You Get

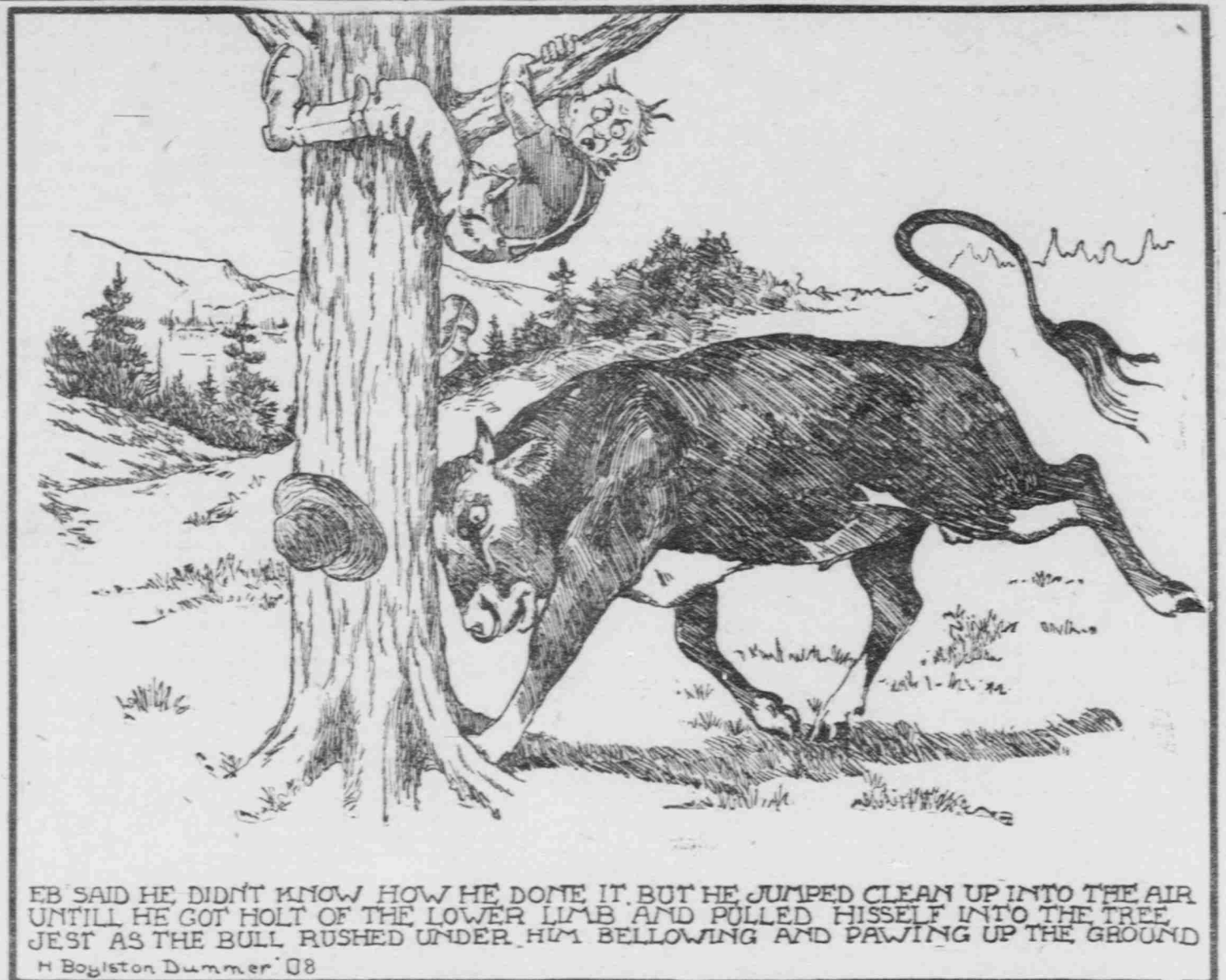
BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERZIA FATUM PARIT
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK.

WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
Because We
KNOW
Who Our Subscribers Is
We Also Print
JOB WORK



ARIOCH TOLD HANK TO SET DOWN BEING AS HE WAS OUT OF ORDER. HANK SAID HE WAS NOT OUT OF ORDER BEING AS HE HAD JUST FINISHED FIVE BOTTLES OF SWAMP ROOT BITTERS AND NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE AND IF ARIOCH THOUGHT SO HE WISHED HE WOULD KINDLY STEP OUT ON THE GRASS



EB SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW HE DONE IT, BUT HE JUMPED CLEAN UP INTO THE AIR UNTILL HE GOT HOLT OF THE LOWER LIMB AND POOLED HISSELF INTO THE TREE. JUST AS THE BULL RUSHED UNDER HIM BELLOWING AND PAWING UP THE GROUND



LAFF WHITTACRE GOT STUNG BY A BUMBLEBEE ON THE FRONT PLAZER OF HEN WEATHERBYS STORE.



JOHNNY TUCKER STUBBED HIS TOE TERRIBLE BAD TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE DEACON'S ORCHARD



BILL SEAVAR GOT SO MAD WE HAD TO PUSH HIM OUTEN THE OFFICE

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!

The Leading Paper of the County!

Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling



How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

Being as "Old Home Weeks" have got so popular in many other cities and metropolises of the country, Bingville has rose to the occasion and has decided to have a old home week of her own which will occur some time during the month of September coming the exact date having not yet been fixed exactly but will be later, announcement of which will duly appear in the Bugle.

This old home week for Bingville was the result of deliberations on the part of the Board of Trade consisting of Arioch Skinner, Simon Wilkins and Plutarch Watkins. It occurred to these three officials of Bingville that a old home week would be a great thing for the town, so on last Tuesday eve they called a mass meeting to discuss it at the Town Hall and there was a big turnout present. Arioch opened the meeting and stated the object of same. He said that being as it was more or less common for various other cities to hold old home weeks he thought it would be no more than proper for Bingville to have one. He said that them as had been borned and raised in Bingville, as you might say, but who when they had arrived at manhood and womanhood, as the case might be, had left these diggings and had sort of wandered away to the turmoil of the great cities and had sort of got weaned away from the apron strings of their native heath, would take especial pleasure in coming back to visit us again if we was to hold a old home week in our midst and bid them welcome to their old stamping ground once more. Arioch said that he hoped if we decided to hold a old home week all would do their part to welcome back the lost sheep of Israel, as he might say, to their old familiar pastures and he calculated that there ought to be a large banner painted on muslin and hung across the street in front of the Post Office, saying in large letters, "WELCOME TO OUR CITY" or words to that effect. Then Arioch set down and wiped the sweat off his brow because it was a tolerable warm eve and besides Arioch allus gets all het up when he has to speak in public because, as he says himself, he ain't no public speaker.

Arioch then called on Sime Wilkins, another member of the B. of T. for a speech and Sime removed his quid and got up and wrung out his coat tails for a minute or two in agony and cleared his throat and coughed and said that Arioch had voiced his sentiments exactly and he calculated he couldn't add nothing to it. Arioch then called on Plutarch Watkins, who was also considerable embarrassed and said that Arioch in saying what he did about old home week had took the very words outen his mouth that he was agoing to say himself and that he therefore didn't have nothink to say. Then Plutarch sat down in disgust.

Arioch then called for expressions of opinion on the part of various representative citizens of Bingville who chanced to be in the audience. Hank Dewberry at once arose and said he was opposed to any old home week being held in Bingville for the benefit of outsiders who had been borned and raised here and then when they got growed

up had went and forsook us, as he might say, and left us in the lurch to get along as well as we could without them. Hank said that in his opinion such ungrateful curs wasn't entitled to have no fuss made over them. Hank said he was in favor of having a sort of grand rally for Bingvillians, but as for getting up doings for those who had wandered from the fold and didn't care a hang whether Bingville sunk or swum, he was agin it.

At this point Arioch told Hank to set down as he was out of order and besides he wasn't a representative citizen of Bingville anyhow. Hank said he wasn't out of order being as he had just finished taking five bottles of swamp root bitters and never felt better in his life, and if Arioch thought he was out of order he wished he would kindly step out on the grass in front of the town hall and he would show him. For awhile it looked as if there was going to be trouble, but this was fortunately averted and Hank's friends managed to cool him down. Arioch then called for a standing vote.

Fifty-two out of them present stood up in favor of old home week for Bingville while 27 who shared Hank's opinion in the matter voted agin it. Arioch said that the old home week project had been carried by an overwhelming majority, but them as voted against it all decided that they would do all in their power to make old home week in Bingville a fizzle.

Arioch said another public meeting would be held in the town hall later at which committees would be appointed to arrange a program for the occasion and to send out invites to former residents of Bingville who are now scattered to the four winds of heaven, as you might say.

Subscribe for the Bugle, especially if you can't be here for old home week—it will give you all the news about it.

Bill a Prisoner

Old Bill Seaver, an old and respected citizen of Bingville, who has long ago outlived his usefulness and don't do much but loaf around town one place and another from sunrise to sunset, dropped into the Bugle office the other day and laid down behind the press on a old pile of papers and went to sleep, and when it came evening we forgot all about him and shut and locked the office and went home and never thought about him until we opened up shop next morning at about 9 a. m. There was Bill sitting inside waiting for us and as mad as a wet hen. Bill desired to know what we locked him in the office for and we told him that we forgot all about him. Then he got so mad that he had been a constant reader and subscriber for nine years and didn't never paid us a cent since he started we consider that it is more profitable to stop his paper at this juncture than to let him get any deeper into our debt. What applies to Bill and his paper two applies to many of our subscribers and we may mention some names in the future if they don't pay up.

The Two Bills Full Again

Bill Hepburn, our artistic Blacksmith and Bill Yates, who is Bill's boom companion in debauch, both made a trip to the Co. seat last Saturday and returned to Bingville in the eve in a riotous state of intoxication disgraceful to behold. They walked up and down Main street with their arms around each other's necks singing songs and bellowing at the tops of their lungs. Seth Dewberry, our lion hearted town constable was hunted for all over town to arrest the two never heard him. Being as Eb lives three quarters of a mile from the main road nobody passing would hear him either. A awful long afternoon to Eb passed and the shades of twilight began to deepen, but still the bull moved around under the tree occasionally setting up a bellowing and pawing the earth whenever it happened to get a glimpse of that red shirt up in the tree.

EB STONE'S TERRIBLE BULL EXPERIENCE

'Twas Eb's Own Bull but if He Hadn't Clomb a Tree Mighty Quick We Would Have a Funeral all Right

Eb Stone, who lives on a farm which he has been trying to lift the mortgage off of for 10, these many years, two miles west of Bingville, had a curious experience which lasted all day and all night about the middle of this week, and which he will remember with horror and loathing probably as long as he lives.

Eb has a big red bull which he turned out in a pasture by itself last week. Eb and the bull have always got along pretty well together in the past because Eb never tormented the critter any and the bull hates the color of red worse than a cat hates soap, and it was this dislike for red on the part of the bull that got Eb into trouble. On last Tuesday eve as Eb was returning home from Bingville where he had been to see if there was any mail in the P. O. for him (there wasn't) he noticed a breach in the fence of the pasture where the bull was, so next morning he decided he would go across the pasture to repair the fence. It was a hot morning so Eb he slipped off his gingham shirt before he started, leaving him in his red wool undershirt, and attired in this wise he started to walk across the pasture never thinking about how the bull hated red so. When Eb started across the pasture and Eb got most half way across before the bull happened to look up and see him. Soon as it got a glimpse of that red shirt it down with its head and up with its tail and started for Eb like a locomotive and bellowed as loud as it could beller.

Then it dawned on Eb that he had went and made a mistake when he took off his overshirt. He looked back the way he had come, but he realized that before he could reach the fence the bull would catch him. It was also about the same distance to the fence on the other side of the pasture, and for a minute Eb said his hair right up on end. Eb ain't much of a foot racer anyhow being as he is crippled up some with rheumatiz. Well, as Eb stood there paralyzed with fear his eye fell on a big elm tree which stood alone in the middle of the pasture, so he dug out his head and set as hard as he could lick it. Eb says he didn't get there more than two rods ahead of that bull and that the lowest limb of the tree was at least calculation 15 foot from the ground. He says he don't know how he done it, but he jumped clean up into the air until he got holt of the lower limb and pulled himself into the tree just as the bull rushed under him bellowing and pawing up the ground.

Eb set there and rested until he got his breath, then he swore himself outen breath again in calling the red bull everything he could lay his tongue to. This only seemed to make the bull madder and madder who walked around the tree looking up and tossing its horns and bellowing as natty as it could.

Finally Eb begin to holler for help as loud as he could boller, then suddenly he happened to think that there was no one at home but his wife Sary, who is as deaf as a post and can't hear he boller, so then Eb stopped bellowing in disgust and sat there hour after hour. Noon come and he was so hungry he said he could have gnawed the bark offen the limb he was setting on. To make matters worse he seen Sary come out in the yard and she rung the dinner bell. Eb waved his arms and yelled but she never heard him. Being as Eb lives three quarters of a mile from the main road nobody passing would hear him either. A awful long afternoon to Eb passed and the shades of twilight began to deepen, but still the bull moved around under the tree occasionally setting up a bellowing and pawing the earth whenever it happened to get a glimpse of that red shirt up in the tree.

By this time Eb was most starved and excoated, and when he contemplated having to remain in the tree all night the thought almost made him sick to his

stummick. It was a awful uncomfortable place to stay overnight setting astraddle of a limb and holding on for dear life. Eb was acuri last he should drop off to sleep first and then drop down out of the tree afterwards and have the bull gore him to death. In desperation he raised up his voice in prayer and asked the good Lord to deliver him from that infernated red bull. Then after he had prayed awhile without no results he would curse and swear at that bull until a fly wouldn't scarcely light on it. In this way the night wore on. Along tords daylight soon as it got light enough for Eb to see he looked down and seen the bull laying at the foot of the tree sound asleep. Then a brilliant thought occurred to Eb, so he pulled himself further up into the tree until he was out of sight of the critter. Eye and bye the bull woked up and looked up into the tree and didn't see nothing of Eb and then looked all around and finally walked off and begin to graze thinking perhaps that Eb had escaped during the night. Eb he kept quiet until the bull had wandered over behind a hummock at one end of the field, then he slid down the tree very quiet and dropped to the ground and run like Satan was after him until he reached his own doorstep where Sary was waiting for him with tears in her eyes wondering what had become of him. Sary didn't never go to bed all night. Eb told her to stop weepin and get him up his dinner, supper and breakfast all in one meal being as he was so near famished that he could eat a sole leather boot and enjoy it.

Eb now desires to dispose of his red bull to any person needing a red bull. Eb says this bull is sound in wind and limb and is well bred and ain't got only one fault—he don't like red.

Local Items

Mrs. Lige Green had her old brindle cow to step on her foot while she was milking tother eve. Mrs. Green then kicked the pail, spilling three gals of new milk right on the ground. Miss Green says it's terrible vexatious to have a cow kick over a pail of milk after you have went to the trouble to milk it outen her.

Gideon Johnson called at the Bugle office one day last week and paid us a quarter on his subscription. Gid said it wasn't very much, but it was the best he could do at present. We thank you, Gideon—if anybody would pay us a quarter it would help out wonderful. P. S.—We have since discovered that it was a lead quarter Gideon give us. Gideon's subscription therefore remains in statu quo, as you might say.

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins has our thanks for a fine mess of young beet greens which she left at this office for us when we was out one day last week. Our wife cooked them up for us the next day and we enjoyed them immense. Call again, Jerushy.

Miss Amelia Tucker, the belle and society leader of Bingville, has a sore corn which is giving her considerable trouble this hot weather. Miss Amelia can't wear her shoes half the time.

Miss Milly Underwood burnt herself on the wrist with a iron while ironing recently. It was very painful while it lasted.

Wes Woodruff, our hunter and trapper, says there ain't much going on in his line during the summer season, but he calculates that next winter will be a good winter for pelts. We trust Wes won't ketch as many skunks as he did last winter—they simply inoculate the entire neighborhood.

Lem Quigly

Lem Quigly had a narrer escape from being kicked to death by his two-year old colt day before yesterday, whatever day that was. Lem passed behind the colt in the stable while it was all quiet and doctle, and went on into the house and after a while he heard a awful noise out to the stable and went out to find that the colt, just in fun probably, had kicked a board clean offen the stable behind its stall. Lem calculates that it the colt had kicked just as he was passing behind it, it would of kicked his blamed head clean offen his shoulders.

Personal

What we need is rain. However, we don't always get everything we need in this world.

Crops look fairly well in the vicinity of Bingville at present. Potato bugs have created havoc in some sections here about—

LAND FOR SALE!

I HAVE—
10 Acres of Land
Two Miles West of
Bingville

which I desire to sell to some responsible party who can pay cash for same. This land is not good land for cultivation, being as it is mostly swamp and what ain't swamp is stony. What would be the use for me to tell you that this was good land to raise crops on?

You would know better as soon as you seen it!

I don't misrepresent what I Want to Sell

This land ain't valuable now, but when Bingville becomes a large city it will be worth thousands of Dollars for Town Lots.

But life is too short for me to wait for such riches. Besides I may be dead by that time.

Here is a golden Opportunity

Take advantage of it immett. Confer with me and I will make you a price on this land that will suit your pocketbook.

SIMON WHITTLEBY.
Bingville.

Hi Cranby is getting out enough timber to repair the foundation for his barn. It ought to of been repaired 10 years ago. If the barn don't fall down before Hi gets the props under it, it will be a surprise to us.

Lafe Whitacre got stung by a bumblebee on the front plazer of Hen Weatherby's store tother day. Lafe was setting there smoking, most asleep, when the bumblebee come buzzin around his head and he, instead of tending to his own business, slapped at the bee, which made it mad and it stung him on the ear and then departed for parts unknown. This ought to be a lesson to Lafe to tend to his own business. We have noticed that as long as you don't molest a bumblebee, it won't molest you.

Cy Hoskins says this hot weather takes the stimp right outen him, and he says at nights it's too hot for him to sleep, and he's too sleepy to keep awake, and so between the two he has a purty restless time.

Miss Sary Ann Whittacre purchased a new lawn dress at Hen Weatherby's store last week. It is rumored that Sary is shortly to be married, and that this dress is part of her trueso.

Little Johnny Tucker, the 10 year old son of Bill Tucker, stubbed his toe terrible bad while trying to escape from Deacon Andrews apple orchard with his pockets full of green apples while the deacon was chasing him. Johnny has his toe tied up at present.

Amel Gookins is considerable sweat up of late because he has not received his pension on time. Amel is afraid that the government thinks he is dead and has discontinued his pension. He says he is going to write and inform them to the contrary.

Ice Cream Festivals

There will be a ice cream festival held by the Ladies Aid of the Bingville Church on the church lawn next Saturday eve's weather permitting. If the weather don't permit then the festival will be held inside rain or shine. Everybody is cordially invited to attend. Ice cream loafs, per dish or three dishes for a quarter. Cakes free. Proceeds to go toward paying Rev. Moore, our beloved pastor a porshion of his back salary. Come one, come al and help along a good cause.